

RURAL ROUTES IN DANGER.

Congressman Aiken Makes Strong Appeal to the Public to Support the Service.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 26, 1906.
Editor of The Intelligencer:

You have doubtless noted in the papers a statement from the Post Office Department, indicating its purpose to discontinue a large number of the rural routes throughout the country, on the ground that "they are not appreciated."

Knowing your deep interest in the welfare of our country, and in the general upbuilding of the rural sections, that make for material prosperity, I desire through your paper, to direct public attention to the necessity for building up the business of the rural service.

Cities and towns only reflect prosperity, the country is its real birth place. Anything that detracts from or retards the advancement of the producer robs the Nation in dollars and cents.

There is a natural tendency in all men to gravitate to populous centers; it is the social and inquisitive side of man's nature that asserts itself. Telephones and trolley lines have done much toward blotting out time and space, toward making neighbors of those geographically far apart, but greater than either of these is the free rural delivery system. Not every community can have a trolley line, not every man can have a telephone, but the humblest citizen may have his mail delivered daily at his door. By these modern agencies, the most remote rural resident is, in essentials, made a suburban resident of the towns and cities, and a long step toward desirable life in the country is attained. Is it not passing strange then, that the Government, which must realize the importance of maintaining the highest and most intelligent citizenship in the rural sections, would snatch from these good people the only little mite of gratuity they have ever received, of the millions they have contributed to the National Treasury. And yet, this order of the Post Office Department "to discontinue rural routes which do not handle 2000 pieces of mail monthly," will do this very thing.

Arguments as to the unwisdom of the Government's course are futile, when confronted with its declared policy. One cannot help noting, however, the inconsistency in appropriating annually, to the Philippines, an alien people, millions in excess of their revenues, with the single purpose of educating them to the standard of good citizenship, while withholding from its best citizens at home the little amount necessary to supplement rural routes not entirely self-sustaining.

The Government disclaims any intention of discrimination against the South in this order, and we do not charge it with discrimination or sectionalism, but the effect will be none the less disastrous to Southern rural routes because of the disclaimer. There is scarcely a carrier in the populous North that does not handle four or five thousand pieces of mail monthly, while many of our own carriers seldom reach 3000 pieces and some under 2000 pieces. Truly the Government should take the large view, and extend its bounty to those thinly settled sections which need building up, but we need not expect it.

So great have the Government expenditures grown, that the present excessive tariff rates are inadequate for the appropriations, and for once the Republican party is forced to call a halt to its policy of extravagance. Many appropriations heretofore made, will be either left off entirely or very much reduced; and "the poor man's lamb," the South's little mite will be taken. It is only for once that this order of the Post Office Department is no idle threat.

Being, as yet, uninformed as to the amount of mail handled by the various carriers of the Third District, it is impossible to say which routes, if any, will be affected by the order. Some of them are doubtless on the danger line, and feeling the deeper interest in the people who are now served by the routes, and in the ever faithful carriers, I desire to stir them up to a realization of the danger that confronts the system.

More of our people should take the daily and tri-weekly papers, and should do this at once. There is no greater agency for public good, no better teacher than the newspaper. There should not be a white family in the District that does not take some good newspaper. Besides, seeing the immediate need of increasing the rural business, it will be for good to see children and children's children.

Aside from the permanent advantage offered by the rural delivery system, to building up and making

content sparsely settled sections, the mere matter of money let loose in the South thereby is a consideration. In this district alone, there are something like 130 carriers, receiving an aggregate of something like ninety or one hundred thousand dollars annually, which is distributed through our avenues of trade. It is paid to as faithful and deserving men as our country affords; most of them earn in dollars and cents for the Government and all of them earn in labor, every dollar and more than the Government pays them. Will we, for lack of proper support, surrender this appropriation, with the greater advantage of a daily mail, stimulating trade between country and town, or will we meet the exigency? It is up to the good people who are served and the courteous carriers, for the Government has spoken.

Wyatt Aiken.

The Famous Lorenzo Dow.

When a boy we used to hear a great deal about this eccentric old man, who by the way, was a minister of the Methodist persuasion. Indeed, if we remember correctly, our maternal grandmother, who was a devout Methodist, had a book of Dow's life, and we read it with a great deal of interest. Dow was eccentric, but he was a wise man and a fine student of human nature. It is said that he would make appointments months, and even years ahead, and that he would always meet them promptly. We might relate several incidents in connection with his wife Peggy and himself, but two will suffice for the present.

On one occasion when he reached the neighborhood where he had an appointment waiting him for a year or more, he was told by a gentleman that he had lost his axe—axes were very costly we presume in those days. "Well," said Dow, "if the thief is in this country I will find him." The whole neighborhood and the regions around about were on hand next day to hear his sermon. When he had finished his discourse he announced about the lost axe and his intention to find it. He said: "The rogue is in this house, and I have a stone in my hand with which I am going to hit the fellow right square in the head."

So saying he swung his arm around as he faced the audience with a motion to throw, keeping his keen eyes on those who sat before him, and one man dodged. "There," said Dow, "is the fellow who stole the axe," and it was true. The man was guilty, and he could not keep from showing it. Guess he thought Dow had a smooth stone in his sling like unto the one with which David slew Goliath. Just one more incident. On a similar occasion, when arriving in a neighborhood, Dow was told about a woman who had lost her rooster. It may have been a rooster the good woman was saving for the preacher. No doubt preachers loved chicken as well then as they do now, and Dow may not have been an exception. He proposed to get the rooster. He got a large wash pot, turned it upside down with a chicken under it, blindfolded the crowd and had them to walk around the pot, and each one was told to touch it with his hand, Dow stating that when the fellow in the crowd who stole the rooster touched the pot, the rooster under it would crow. When the performance was over he demanded a show of hands—look a kind of hand primary—but one man's hand had no snuff on it. "There," said Dow, "is the fellow who stole the rooster." He was afraid to touch the pot, knowing that he was the rogue and believing with all his heart that the chicken would crow if he touched it.

Are not these illustrations apropos to conditions in these latter days? Just lift your hand and see the dodgers. It is ludicrous to behold. And see the fellows who are afraid to touch the pot lest the rooster should crow. They have clean hands, but within they are full of corruption. See the fellows all over the country, from the big insurance men down to the little swindlers who could not stand the test.

And Dow O, Dow! Suppose you lived in these days, and edited a newspaper, and heard the wails and the lamentations of folks whose axes go up daily as they run hither and thither, saying, "he means me!" How would it do for you to take the speaker's stand in the House in Congress, and wave your hand over the heads of the politicians there? Or to get among the disreputable gang, and brother Lorenzo Dow, suppose you now began slinging jab around politicians, saying real things in your paper, you could see some heads a

dodging. At they might be hit by one of your smooth stones and maybe you might hear a few roosters crowing who were not exactly under a pot.—Greenwood Journal.

Sending Home Chinese Dead—The Reasons for It.

I visited Rosehill cemetery in Chicago some time ago to watch the removal of the bodies of 200 Chinamen who had died in years past. I did not care so much for the ceremonies which took place, as I did to learn from the lips of Chinamen themselves why they take up their dead buried anywhere but in China, and have them sent to China, where they are permanently buried.

Watching some of the work that was going on, I fell into conversation with Wo Tay Fing, formerly of Canton, China, and now an American tea merchant. He told me why the Chinese do these things, and in what he said there is a vast amount of great interest to American boys who study the habits of other races. There appear to be, too, some Japanese customs worthy of imitation.

"When a boy is born in my native land," said Wo Tay Fing, "as soon as he can understand anything he is taught to always respect his ancestors, his grandparents, his father and his mother, his school teacher and the priest of the temple. He uncovers his head to them, he never sits down in their presence until he has proved himself their equal. As soon as possible he endeavors to help them earn that which will buy food and clothing, and he is careful to always tell them the truth."

"When he does not do these things, he becomes as much detested, as much an outcast, as does a criminal in your country. He loses standing with his parents and the authorities, and if he does not repent and take to true ways, he soon is without home or friends. But he can always come back if he will do right."

"If he is a boy that does right, is gentle with his mother and good to all his people and his teacher, he is taught that no greater blessings can come to him when he dies than being buried in the soil of his native country alongside the remains of his ancestors. He may die in a foreign land, and because of lack of money on the part of his people, be unable to have his body immediately transported back to China, but in time that money is raised, and then he is taken 'home,' and 'home' with us means just as much, if not more, than it does with you."

"It was taught more than 8,000 years ago in China, for I believe we are the oldest people of the world (this is probably not true, for the Egyptians and the Atlanteans probably antedated the Chinese; but Wo Tay Fing believes it.—The Editor), that when we die the great-grandfather, the grandfather, the father and mother and all the brothers and sisters and cousins and other relatives should lie side by side on the native land, so that when that revival of life comes which you call the 'resurrection,' all families might be together. I believe that this is so."

"I am a much better man for thinking that, although I live in America, I shall some day be called back to my land where I was born, and sleep by my father and mother until the spirits call me to new life again. No

Chinamen except the foolish and bad ones believe that death is the end of everything. I am not a scholar; much of what I know I have learned from listening and not saying much, but I would feel very bad if I did not believe that while death may come to my body, I yet will have life again, and I wish to have it with my own people."

"You of course believe differently than I do in regard to this, but we were not brought up alike, and while you and your people are very young, mine are very old. We in China respect old age, we care a great deal for the memory of the dead. That is why you see here the workmen taking up these bodies to send them home for burial alongside of their ancestors."

"I think that it is a good thing for the young to have that feeling of love and respect for the old, for parents, for the dead, that we cultivate."

I have given this just about as Wo Tay Fing gave it to me, for he speaks excellent English. It is a clear explanation of why the Chinese who die abroad are sooner or later sent back to their native land.—Boys' World.

The Cunning of Foxes.

Among the many resources at his command to outwit his natural enemy, the hound, Reynard prizes most dearly a rail fence, a road and the frozen surface of a river, and in those days of deep snows will rarely fail to avail himself of one of these means of safety. The rail raises the line of scent too high for the hound's nose, the frozen river and the well beaten road, besides the good footing they afford him, retain not a particle of the tell tale scent so dear to the pursuer.

On one occasion F. and I, as well as my keen scented old hound Jeff, had found our fox vanish into thin air at one particular point, and though the snow lay deep on the ground, and by it we could see that the fox had come into the road, no amount of perseverance on our part revealed to us what had become of him after that. In vain we walked up and down the road in search of the tell tale track, not a break in the even surface of the snow could be found, and we were obliged to return home and own ourselves outwitted, while Reynard, no doubt sat watching us from some safe distance, and saying, with Paok, "What fools these mortals be!"

But, every fox, no doubt, as well as every dog, must have his day, and the mystery was solved on the next hunt. Ensnared on a high piece of ground, and while the hills echoed with the mellow voice of the old dog, I saw the fox slip into the road, follow it for a hundred rods, then by one high leap land on top of a rail fence which ran at right angles with the highway, and bounding along the uppermost rail bimbly, reach a piece of ploughed ground which the wind had blown bare of snow, run across the ploughed field to within about 90 yards of me, when, jumping on a rock, he curled himself up and deliberately lay down to watch the effect of his little game and enjoy the discomfort of the hound. I dare not move, so opening my breechloader I slipped in a long range thread wound cartridge, took careful aim, and sent charge of double B shot through Reynard's handsome fur.

But foxes know more mischievous tricks than this, and dear to the heart of every old fox is a scamper down the smooth surface of a frozen river, which besides offering an opportunity of escape, often permits him to take dire revenge on his troublesome enemy the hound. For Reynard is versed in physics and knows full well the difference of weight between himself and his pursuer; instinct teaches him to a nicety the exact thickness of ice required to bear his light fur covered body, and that on such ice his more ponderous enemy may not venture safely.

If you doubt all this, stand, as I often do, so as to look down some swift stream almost frozen over and covered with light snow, and note how the trail of the flying fox gracefully curves toward every hole and invariably skirts the very edge of every piece of swift open water. Many a good hound has ended his days by venturing to follow where his tricky enemy lead, and I imagine if foxes ever laugh, and they certainly look as though they did, Reynard must laugh as he hears the echo of the hound's deep bark suddenly die away and knows his game has been successful. But we did not laugh, F. and I, when all at once silence settled over the hills, but a minute before musical with the cherry notes of old Jeff's voice, for we knew he was in the treacherous river, and without losing a second F. hurried toward a piece of open water not far distant.

On reaching it our fears were at once realized. Caught in the swift current, benumbed with the cold and exhausted by the attempts he had made to save himself, old Jeff lay with his head on the ice, his limbs almost motionless and whining pitifully. There was no time to be lost, and unable to resist the dog's mute appeal for help, F. stretched himself on the treacherous ice, seized the animal by the neck, pulled him out, and in a minute the dog was rolling joyfully at our feet. Though benumbed with cold and covered with ice he at once took up the scent with an angry bark, and two hours after we had the satisfaction of killing the fox after one of the best runs I ever saw.—Forest and Stream.

On a Cash Basis.

An eminent physician in P— had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps towards the house of her son's saviour.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some things which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hand."

"Madam," replied the doctor, coldly, "Medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendship, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, doctor," said the lady alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee."

"Two hundred dollars, madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank notes of \$100 each, gave two to the doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.—Lippincott's Magazine.

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